

The Desert

TO THE TRUE AMERICAN.

No. 26.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1799.

VOL. I.

THE REWARD OF VIRTUE;

A TALE.

THAT virtue is its own reward, has frequently been experienced by the good and generous; but in an age when luxury and dissipation stifle the conscience, and deaden the feelings, examples are necessary to prove the truth of a proposition now by no means considered as self-evident. Of this nature is the following little history.

In a small town in the vicinity of London lived Mrs. Wilson, the benevolence of whose disposition was the constant topic of conversation among the surrounding cottagers, while her affability and engaging manners made her acquaintance courted by the affluent and powerful.

By the loss of her husband, who was captain of a frigate, and fell in the service of his country, she became possessed of an income of five hundred a year, on which she lived retired; employing great part of her time in the education of her daughter, the beautiful Sophia.

In the days of childhood her darling's artless prattle diverted the attention of her indulgent mother from dwelling entirely on the fate of her husband; and, as she increased in years, the beauty of her person and the sensibility of her heart, endeared her still more to her amiable parent.

Among those who were admitted to the acquaintance of Mrs. Wilson, was a young gentleman of the name of Bosville, whose father was a merchant in London, and permitted him, during the summer months, to reside at the town where Mrs. Wilson dwelt.

Mr. Bosville the elder, possessed of an immense fortune, (which he had acquired by oppressing the needy, by defrauding the widow, and ruining the orphan) bestowed a liberal education on his son, although he intended him to practise the same cruelty which he had done before; without reflecting, that knowledge expands the heart, and deprives it of the power of being callous to the complaints of the unfortunate, and despising the woes of the miserable.

How great then must have been his surprise when his son refused to engage in fraud and deceit, which might promote his interest! In vain he reasoned concerning the propriety of his measures: at length, finding no argument would induce the young gentleman to adopt his means of acquiring wealth, he consented to his entering into fashionable life, in order, as he said, that he might become acquainted with the world, and thereby see the necessity of complying with his request.

Young Bosville, at this time, had attained his twenty-first year; it is not, therefore, surprising that the budding beauties of Sophia, joined with her extreme sensibility, should make a deep impression on a heart susceptible of every feeling which harmonises the soul.

To minds like Bosville's the little decorums of the world appear trifling and superfluous; he, therefore, made no scruple of declaring his love. Sophia received the declaration as became her. Above the little arts of her sex, she frankly acknowledged he was not disagreeable to her, and that, if the consent of their parents could be obtained, she should not be averse to the union of their fates.

Bosville, immediately after this interview, departed from town, in order to consult his father, concerning his marriage with the amiable Sophia.

On his arrival in London, without waiting for any kind of refreshment, he repaired to his father's house, and informed him of his intention. But what were his sensations when he discovered that a lady was already provided whom he must look upon as his intended wife, and that unless he married her immediately, he must never enter the house again. For some time contending passions struggled for mastery in his perturbed breast. Duty and love were by turns predominant; at length the latter prevailed, and a flood of tears succeeded the victory.

Mr. Bosville, enraged, ordered his son immediately to depart the house; and the pride of the youth forbade him to expostulate. With a swollen air he left the mansion of arrogance and avarice. Not knowing whither to fly for succour—no friend to cheer his drooping heart—he almost involuntarily took a place in the coach for H—; and, before he had time to collect his thoughts, the stage stopped at Mrs. Wilson's. The blooming Sophia ran to meet him—he fell into her arms, and, almost supported by her, entered the once peaceful dwelling. As soon as he was sufficiently recovered, he informed Mrs. Wilson and her daughter of his father's behaviour, and concluded with declaring he would not be united to Sophia till fortune should again bless him with her smiles.

The lovely Sophia, though she could have wished young Bosville possessed of less delicacy, could not help agreeing with his opinion; and at the same time hinted, she thought he might improve his fortune in the East, where she had an uncle, who, she did not doubt, would protect him, and place him in a way of acquiring wealth with honour.

No sooner had Sophia delivered her opinion than Mrs. Wilson started from her seat and retired. Amazed at her abrupt departure, the lovers continued in anxious suspense for about a quarter of an hour; when she returned, and

gave a letter to Bosville, which she had written to be delivered to her brother in Bengal.

Hope, the last friend of the miserable, flattered the unhappy Bosville with prospects of future felicity, in the possession of the amiable Sophia: and thus comforted, he bade a cheerful adieu to her and her venerable parent.

During his passage, which lasted six months, the recollection of past scenes would frequently intrude: but the hope of future happiness, when he should return laden with the riches of the East, rendered his regret less poignant than it would otherwise have been.

On his arrival in India, he repaired to the residence of Mr. Marshal, Mrs. Wilson's brother, and was received with that cordiality which marks a generous heart. Mr. Marshal understanding, from the letter, that his intention was to settle in India for a few years, and having at that period some business which required the attendance of a confidential person some hundred leagues up the country, immediately employed him to manage his affairs in that part.

Bosville, after having dispatched a letter to Sophia, acquainting her with his arrival; set out for the place of his destination; and arrived there with a heart beating with the wish of acquiring independence by assiduous perseverance.

Unfortunately, there was no mode of conveyance from the place where he resided to Mr. Marshal; and, consequently, he could remit no intelligence of his manner of life to his beloved Sophia; but, imagining she would not be uneasy at his omitting to write, it gave him no serious concern, and he passed three years in tolerable composure.

It is now time to turn to our friends in England, who, during these three years, were not so happy as Bosville would willingly have imagined them.

The person with whom Mrs. Wilson entrusted her fortune, soon after his departure, became a bankrupt, and by that event, she, for the first time, experienced distress.

But the gentleness of her disposition had long taught her to regard all sublunary cares as the phantoms of a day, and her heart looked forward to that period when the changeful and trivial scenes of life shall shift no more, but be succeeded by objects of eternal reality.

She now began to regard the omission of Bosville in not writing, as the effect of prosperity, and imagined he had forgotten the humble dwelling of innocence and peace.

Fixed in this opinion, her constant instructions to Sophia were to bestow her affections on some other person. But the breast of sensibility knows no change of sentiment. Sophia regretted in secret the imagined ingratitude of Bosville; but her lips uttered no reproaches.

The reduction of Mrs. Wilson's circumstances obliged her to remove to some other part

of the country, where she might exist upon the small pittance which providence still left her. She, therefore, removed to a distant part of Yorkshire, hoping there to enjoy the conveniences, having never desired the superfluities, of life.

The virtuous are ever destined to pass through the fire of adversity, ere they arrive at the goal of happiness. Mrs. Wilton had not been many months at her new dwelling, before the squire seeing Sophia, became captivated with her charms, and introduced himself to the acquaintance of her mother.

This gentleman had acquired a degree of refinement beyond the common portion of country squires. His conversation was enlivened with strokes of wit which would not have disgraced a London beau: yet his heart remained a stranger to sensibility, and his desires were brutal. Seduction with all its fashionable attractions, the fame of ruining a helpless young creature, and involving a fond mother in misery, presented themselves. The enamoured and unprincipled squire determined on Sophia's ruin: he declared his love, and promised marriage.

The amiable Mrs. Wilton, ever attentive to the welfare of her daughter, urged her to comply with the proposal of the squire, representing the faithful Bosville as having forfeited every claim to her esteem by his ungrateful conduct, and concluded with adverting to her present circumstances as an inducement to receive the address of the squire. But Sophia still cherished the remembrance of the absent Bosville; and, therefore, acquainted her mother, it was with extreme pain she disobeyed her commands; but her heart could never forget its firm attachments. Mrs. Wilton entertained too great an affection for her daughter to urge any further, and therefore, the following day, informed the squire of her determination.

Disappointed in his cruel hopes of seduction, he began to meditate plans of revenge against the gentle object of his desires; and for that purpose made it his business to become acquainted with the affairs of her mother.

Unfortunately, after the division of the money which remained in the hands of her banker, she, imagining his failure to have proceeded from the losses incident to unsuccessful industry, entrusted him with her little remaining portion, in order to enable him again to resume business; but his villainy prompted him to abuse her kindness, and make off with the whole of her fortune! Disappointed in her usual remittances, Mrs. Wilton had neglected to pay the last quarter for the house she rented from the squire; who, learning from London the elopement of her banker, immediately commenced an action against her for the money. Mrs. Wilton now became acquainted with her fate; and the villainy of the squire raised her indignation: but her misfortunes had taught her the world is not entirely peopled with the votaries of virtue; and she was not, therefore, greatly surprised at the treatment she experienced.

At this period Mr. Bosville the elder died, after having endured the severest pangs of remorse from reflecting on his former way of life, and his unnatural conduct towards his son. But before his demise, in order to make some atonement to those whom he had injured, he be-

queathed three-fourths of his fortune to be divided equally between Mrs. Wilton, Sophia, and his son; and the remainder to be applied to charitable purposes.

Various were the friends whom the return of affluence created.—But Mrs. Wilton despised the adulation of the multitude; and continued to move in an even track of rectitude and honor, without deigning to associate with those who had deserted her in her misfortunes.

Some little time after her release, the squire broke his neck in a fox-chace; but the benevolent Mrs. Wilton, who possessed in an eminent degree the Christian virtue of forgiving her enemies, lamented his death with unfeigned sorrow.

The health of Sophia declined daily: the recollection of Bosville continually disturbed the tranquillity of her mind; and the thought of his supposed ingratitude made her eyes frequently stream with the tears of sensibility.

At this time the constant Bosville was on his passage from India, after having resided there three years. Disappointed in his hopes of acquiring a fortune, his heart could no longer bear a separation from the object of his attachment: he had, therefore, conquered his delicacy, and was coming to Europe to make a tender of himself to the lovely Sophia.

On his arrival in England, he traced the various removals of Mrs. Wilton with a mixture of surprise and admiration at her conduct; but when he learned her present circumstances, his heart overflowed with transports of joy; and he repaired to her dwelling, elated with the hope of immediate felicity.

Sophia's joy at the explanation of his conduct was equal to his own at finding her still constant through all her trials—while his delicacy was gratified by the recollection that he did not bring poverty to the arms of his beloved. Thus rewarded by virtue, Hymen soon lighted his torch, and conducted them to his temple.

Mrs. Wilton, Bosville, and Sophia now experienced the extent of human felicity, and became firm believers in the principle—that "Virtue is its own reward, and vice its own punishment."

THE EMOTIONS OF SENSIBILITY;

A FRAGMENT.

LEONORA possessed, in an eminent degree, every mental quality that renders a woman amiable—every personal endowment that renders a woman desirable.

Prudence dictated her conversation, and affability enlivened it:—good-humour smiled upon her cheek, and sensibility sparkled in her eye.

That heart must be unsusceptible, indeed, that could withstand the force of such a combination—a combination the more dangerous, because every look of Leonora was accompanied with a delicate humility, and an easy innocent freedom that captivates without design.

Leonora was admired and respected by all who knew her:—she was beloved by Leontine.

Leontine, in a moment of ungovernable admiration and love, disclosed his passion to Leonora.—She heard him with attention, and sighed, and blushed.—He kissed her hand, and gazing on her with ardour, animated by hope—he would have pressed—but, at that instant, a tear started from the eye of Leonora, and rolled down her glowing cheek upon her bosom.

The hopes of Leontine were chilled—his heart dropped blood, in sympathy with the tears which fell from the eyes of Leonora.

Frederic was the friend of Leontine—adopted upon experience of services that true friendship only can perform.—To him Leontine disclosed this incident.

"There can be but two causes (said Frederic) for those tears which fell from Leonora, and rendered you miserable.—I should imagine your declaration was not displeasing to her; but perhaps, at the instant you pressed her, the recollection of some insincere wretch whom she once had loved, and who had deserted her affection—or of some true heart separated by the hand of death, rushed into her mind, and filled her eyes."

"Hold!—(said Leontine, interrupting his friend)—my fancy can conceive the imagery of the scene, of which you have opened the prospect.—At the instant I flattered my fond heart that I had touched the sensibility of Leonora in my favour, the effect was quite the contrary.—I raised to her imagination some absent object upon whom her soul doated;—for him she heaved her gentle bosom with sighs—for him she wept."

"You are deeply in love (said Frederic;) but perhaps this phantom I have raised is merely ideal; the tears of Leonora may have fallen from another cause."

"You tell me that she was bred in affluence.—Now, my friend, there is an honest pride that arises from education.—Leonora perhaps sighed and wept from this cause—she felt her pride hurt, that, in the instant she was about to surrender it, she could not accompany the gift with an offer of fortune.—Perhaps it was a struggle between generosity and love."

"That idea (said Leontine) expands my soul.—I despise fortune; but, had I all the wealth of the east, I would bestow it upon Leonora.—Alas, I have no wealth!"

"You wrong yourself (said Frederic).—You have a profession that leads to affluence, and which must ensure you a competency. An union with Leonora would stimulate your industry, increase your connections, and diminish your expenses.—And believe me, my friend, (continued Frederic) that true happiness can only be found in the possession of a virtuous woman, whose love adheres to the first object of its choice—is founded in sincerity, and refined by sensibility; who seeks not for general admiration, but the affection of an individual; and who, to preserve that love, pursues the same conduct that inspired it.—I know Leonora—I esteem her and respect her.—In a union with her, I think you would find those blessings I have faintly described: persevere, therefore, my friend, in soliciting the attainment of a treasure so estimable."

The Dessert

SATURDAY, JANUARY 5.

FOR THE DESSERT.

MR. BRADFORD,

THE complaints of Milo in your paper of Saturday last appear to me well founded and so perfectly consonant with reason that I am surprised no person has publicly noticed them before—Parents are deeply interested in the subject. The welfare of their offspring is involved in it; a consideration so eventuous in the extreme—can any parent who feels a natural impulse of affection for his child remain unconcerned when such a question is agitated, a question so strongly affecting his advancement in science and happiness through life. It is indisputable that a pernicious diversity in respect to grammars exists in our metropolis, and that this disagreement is fatal to a child's proficiency in that indispensable branch of science. As a parent and a friend to the community at large, I anxiously wish some method could be devised and adopted by the teachers to preserve that essential uniformity which prevails in every civilized country in Europe. Suppose a meeting should be called of teachers in order to select a grammar for general use. I merely suggest the idea, and hope if it meets internal approbation, that no petty consideration of interest will stand in competition with *universal good*.

Z.

CONSIDERATIONS

ADDRESSED TO THE FAIR SEX.

"Immodest words admit of no defence,
"For want of decency is want of sense."

I WAS in company the other evening, with a circle of young people, where the sprightly *Levia* happened to be. *Levia*, as usual, had a great share of real wit, with a great deal of that lower sort, which, as I have often hinted to her, bears, with me, the name of *indelicatecy*. She has naturally a great fund of agreeable vivacity, which she displayed that evening with peculiar grace, had it not been for those disagreeable levities I am speaking of.—However, with the greatest part, they passed for sterling wit, and *Levia* was uncommonly applauded by the gentlemen, and not a little envied by the less entertaining fair ones. But this light carriage and freedom of expression came near to cost her dear in the sequel. A young gentleman, to whom she was an entire stranger, drew inferences from her conduct, not at all favourable to her honor; and took an opportunity to

offer his service to attend her to her own house, which was only the length of a street distant. She accepted his offer with a frankness peculiar to herself, and which was to him a confirmation of his suspicion. I could not help observing it, and slipped out after them, to prevent any disagreeable consequences that might happen to a good natured, giddy girl, whom I esteem. They were not twenty yards from the door, when I heard her using very harsh language to him, and immediately after, screamed out, broke from him, and ran back; I caught hold of her, and discovered myself to her and her pursuer. She immediately fainted in my arms, which did not a little shock the young gentleman, who was now standing by, in a very penitent manner, I did not fail to reprove him for his behaviour, which he, indeed, sufficiently apologized for before he left me; and I believe from the impression it has made on *Levia*, she will be very sparing of her *double entendres* in future, and already wishes she had felt the force of my admonitions on that subject before.

S.

ADVICE

TO MARRIED LADIES.

By an Elderly Lady,

REMEMBER infallibility is not the property of man, or you may entail disappointment on yourself by expecting what is never to be found. The best of men are sometimes inconsistent with themselves, and are liable to be hurried by sudden starts of passion into expressions and actions which their cooler reason will condemn. They may have oddities of behaviour, some peculiarities of temper, be subject to accidental ill-humour, or whimsical complaints: blemishes of this kind often shade the brightest character, but are never destructive of mutual felicity, unless made so by improper resentment, or an ill-judged opposition. Reason can never be heard by passion, the offer of it tends only to inflame the more. When cooled in his usual temper, if wrong, the man of understanding will suggest to himself all that can be urged against him. The man of good nature will, unupbraided, own an error; contradiction at the time is therefore wholly unserviceable and highly imprudent; and after repetition, equally unnecessary and injudicious. And peculiarities in the temper or behaviour ought to be properly represented, in the tenderest and most friendly manner; and, if done discreetly, will generally be well taken. But if they are so habitual as not easily to be altered, strike not too often upon the unharmonious string, but rather let them

pass unobserved. Such a cheerful compliance will better cement your union; and they may be made easy to yourself by reflecting on the superior good qualities by which these trifling faults are so greatly overbalanced.

Hall of Hymen.

—MARRIED—

—On Thursday evening, the 3d instant, by the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, Dr. CHARLES CALDWELL, to Miss ELIZA LEAMING, daughter of Thomas Leaming, esq. deceased, both of this city.

—On Thursday evening, the 3d inst. by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. WILLIAM PAUL, to Miss ELIZA JENKINS, both of this city.

—On Thursday evening last, at Chester, by the Rev. Mr. Helmuth, Mr. John Cook, Merchant, of Philadelphia, to Miss Lydia Barton Price, daughter of Elisha Price, Esq. late of the Borough of Chester, deceased.

—On Wednesday evening, the 2d inst. by John Barthelemy, esq. Mr. THOMAS PAUL, of Chester county, to Miss ELIZA BOWER, daughter of John Bower of said county.

—On Monday evening, the 31st ult. by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. JACOB HESTON, of Blockley, Philadelphia county, to Miss PATIENCE VIALI of Newport, Rhode Island.

—On Sunday evening, the 30th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. ALLEN OATHCART, to Miss LETHEA GENTRY, both of this city.

—On Thursday evening, the 27th ult. at Reckless-town, New Jersey, by the Rev. Dr. J. Clarke, Mr. SAMUEL B. VANDERBILT, of New York, to Miss SARAH TALLMAN, of that place.

—On Thursday evening, the 27th ult. Mr. ISAAC HALLOWELL, of Abington, to Miss SARAH SPENCER, of Northampton township, Bucks county.

—On Thursday evening the 27th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. CHARLES READ, to Miss SUSAN RIEHLEY, both of this city.

TERMS OF THE DESSERT TO THE TRUE AMERICAN

TWO DOLLARS per annum, one half payable in advance.

TERMS OF THE TRUE AMERICAN.

SIX DOLLARS per annum payable one half in advance. The DESSERT is given gratis to the Subscribers of the TRUE AMERICAN. The "True American" is published every morning, on a paper equal in size and quality to any in the UNITED STATES.



FOR THE DESSERT.

TO THE MEMORIES OF
DRS. COOPER AND SAYRE,

Who fell Martyrs to the Yellow Fever of 1798.

LET others sing of Winter's wild career,
The deep convulsions of the expiring year!
With clouds and tempests swell the labouring strain,
And all the horrors of the Arctic main.
While plains, the wreck of hyperborean breath,
The snow-clad forest, and dismantled heath,
The wintry glass which floors the crystal floods,
And all the splendours of the ice hung woods;
Slow roll in deepest majesty of song,
Till distant climes the echo'd lays prolong!
I choose a different theme—a theme of woe!
Attend, ye fair, whose generous bosoms glow
For brightest worth!—ye, who the good befriend,
And all ye souls of sympathy attend!
To no proud epic summit would I soar,
I sing of Cooper dead!—of Sayre, no more!
But, where begin?—where end!—alas! in vain,
My unsledg'd muse would pour the elegiac strain;
Their worth the loftiest flight of song exceeds,
As India's palm transcends the trembling reeds.
Rise, Friendship, rise! defy the rage of time!
Rear o'er their dust a monument sublime!
Pull from the cloud-wreath'd capitol, let Fame
With swelling trump their hallowed worth proclaim!
Deep at the sculptur'd base, with head reclin'd,
Let Genius sigh her sorrows to the wind!
Let mild Religion, with uplifted eye,
Point to his bright abode in yonder sky,
With deathless bays let Science deck the stones,
And Poesy bewail her favourite sons!
In tears let mild Philanthropy appear,
And meek-eyed Pity bend in sorrow there;
While round a throng of Virtues seem to move,
Yet cling forever to the spot they love!

ALFRED.

FOR THE DESSERT.

TO MY
PRISONER AT LARGE.

Oh ho! you're in raptures when out of my sight,
Like palatrons who, with their own shadows dare fight
Bless, my heart how you prattle and capour and swell,
And splash it about like a cat in a well.
From whence is that courage romantic and dire
Like a captain cashin'd or a knight errand's 'squire,
You have suffered sans doubt, some strange transformation,

In your lil'ly white heart ther's a quick renovation;
Else never would Cradus the second acquire,
Such blustering notes, for his new-sounding lyre.
Ah! think in my presence how mute and how flat
Automatan like, you pensively sat.
In my face you once peirc'd; yet oh! how you started,
The white and the fable then instantly parted.
'Which way is the wind?' was all you could utter,
Poor child, how you wanted some fresh toast and butter,
For fear of a swoon, I then fasten'd the door
And left you:—I'm sure, better pleas'd than before.

GRACE.

FOR THE DESSERT.

ELIZA,

OR AMIABLE SORROW.

YE shepherds attend to my lays,
For Eliza's the theme of the song,
And sweet is such merited praise,
When it flows from the heart with the tongue.

'Tis not the soft glow of her face,
The languish which charms in her eye,
A feature, an air, or a grace,
Or a bosom which snow doth outvie.

'Tis not her dear, elegant form
By Symmetry's pencil design'd,
These beauties your bosoms may warm,
But mine is inspir'd by her mind.

There all the soft virtues unite,
That resistless those raptures impart,
Which fill with extatic delight,
Engage and embellish the heart.

What innocence beams from her eye,
In her bosom what gentleness reigns,
She's mild as sweet showers from the sky,
When Flora enameled the plains.

Her temper, serene as young day
When blossoms their fragrance diffuse,
Her accent is Philomel's lay,
That vibrates afloat on the dews.

Expression illumines her face,
There, Pity, Benevolence, Love,
Celestial, are pregnant with Grace,
As the smiles of an angel above.

Such modesty, candor and truth,
From her soul so engagingly beam,
That the equally charms age and youth,
And attracts e'en her rival's esteem.

But shepherd's no language can tell,
How tenderly wounding appears,
The lovely all eloquent swell,
Of Eliza's too exquisite tears.

All silent I saw them descend
With Sympathy, sentiment fraught,
Impearling the woes of a friend,
And her own, by sad destiny wrought.

Oh! why ye stern fates, must each day
On Eliza fresh sorrows bestow,
Misfortune's ah: why do ye prey
On the heart that is bursting with woe?

Like the willow which saddens the meads
And weeps as it kisses yon brook;
Meek, lowly, more beautiful pleads
Distressful her soul-wounding look.

Oh! say, shall no gleam of relief
Prosperity's sunshine allure
Dispell the sad deluge of grief
Restore her con entment's sweet bloom.

But if,—Oh! ye powers divine!
Such virtue claims not your first care,
Then grant that her sorrows be mine
And bestow all my joy on the fair.

SYMPATHETIC INK.

SOME amusing tricks and deceptions are founded on qualities of the various *sympathetic inks*. One of the most ingenious of which deceptions may be entitled, *Winter changed to Spring*, and may be thus performed.

A sympathetic ink is made by dissolving *azofre* in *aqua regia*, and diluting the solution with water. Forms, or characters, drawn or traced with this fluid, will not be visible unless they are exposed to the warmth of the sun's rays, or are brought near a fire where they will appear of a lively green colour. A print is taken or a drawing made, that represents winter, in which the ground appears naked and dreary, and the trees without leaves. The intended foliage and grass is to be drawn with sympathetic ink, in the proper places, and will remain invisible. On hanging the print however in the sun's rays or near a fire, a new creation will appear; for the scene which before represented winter, will now exhibit the beauties of spring, by the appearance of the luxuriant foliage that had been drawn with the invisible ink. On placing the drawing in the cold, winter will re-assume its seat, and it will again be succeeded by spring, on replacing the print in its former warm situation. These changes will happen repeatedly, *toties quoties*, unless the print should be exposed to too great a degree of heat; in which case it will ever after exhibit the appearance of autumn.

ANECDOTES.

A person who kept a Parrot, used frequently to put his finger into the cage to him, the Parrot bit him, and the man said "damn it, how you pinch!"—The Parrot being out of his cage, a Hawk took him up, and flew off with him, while, the Parrot kept crying, "damn it how you pinch!"

AT a review in New Jersey, during the prevalence of the Yellow Fever at Philadelphia, a number of the Philadelphians were looking at the troops who were paraded—a young Englishman, stepping up to one of the citizens, observed "they were not English troops." "No," replied the citizen, "but they beat them."

When Gen. Meadows, the morning after the last engagement, perceived earl Cornwallis had received a wound on the back of his fingers, he exclaimed with a sigh, "Ah, my lord, this was a sad mistake indeed—it was I who ought to have had a rap on the knuckles."

An Anecdote which appeared in a late Irish paper was prefaced thus: "The following anecdote of Buonaparte, which never before appeared in print, is from a Paris Journal. It was first given in the Turin Gazette, from which it was copied in all the Italian prints."

A wag some time ago advertised a carriage to perform without horses, with only one wheel, and invited the curious mechanics to see it; many of the members of the Society attended; and in the ardour of expectation they were shown—a Wheel-barrow.

D.